

Interest to Every Woman

Edited by Martha Westover



KEEP A-MOVIN'

Pass along there, Mr. Trouble.
Don't you block the way.
Keep on movin' through the stubble.
I'm not home to-day.
Fact is I've a date with Peace—
You know, Peace of Mind.
And I have a notion he's
Not your special kind.
Keep a-movin', for I fear
You'd be bored to death round here.

SUNDAY MENU

Breakfast.	
Grapefruit	Cereal
Ham and Eggs	Coffee
Dinner.	
Fricassee Chicken	Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Stewed Celery	Squash
Orange Salad with French Dressing	Cake
Spanish Cream	
Supper.	
Club Sandwiches	Celery
Olives	Current Buns
Fruit Salad	Tea
Layer Cake	

Making Better Coffee.

If a little salt is added to the coffee before pouring on the boiling water it will greatly improve the coffee's flavor.

Cleaning Windows.

Try rubbing the window panes and mirrors with a piece of newspaper dipped in paraffin.

New Silks.

Floral printings are seen on new silks.



A dark brown fur coat cut in the prevailing shape that hangs loosely from the shoulders.

YOUR SEWING MACHINE

BY FRANCES MARSHALL.
Do you take good care of your sewing machine? If you don't, you have no idea what a delightful help a sewing machine can be. For the same machine, under good care and intelligent use, is two different machines. Under indifferent care, it goes along at an irregular pace, making long stitches when you desire short stitches, snapping the thread off short in the middle of a seam or looping it unaccountably now and again. And the sewing machine that is not cared for probably wears out much more quickly than the one that receives regular, systematic care.

To begin with, keep your sewing machine as free from dust as possible. Cover it carefully whenever it is not in use. Dust it thoroughly every time you take the cover off.

Oil it regularly. Every time you use it oil it with a few drops of machine oil. Run a piece of waste cotton through the machine two or three times after oiling it, to remove the superfluous oil.

Once or twice a month oil the machine with kerosene oil. This cuts everything that may have clogged the machinery. Work the machine rapidly over a useless piece of cloth for a minute after using the kerosene, as it runs down the needle and might otherwise spot your sewing.

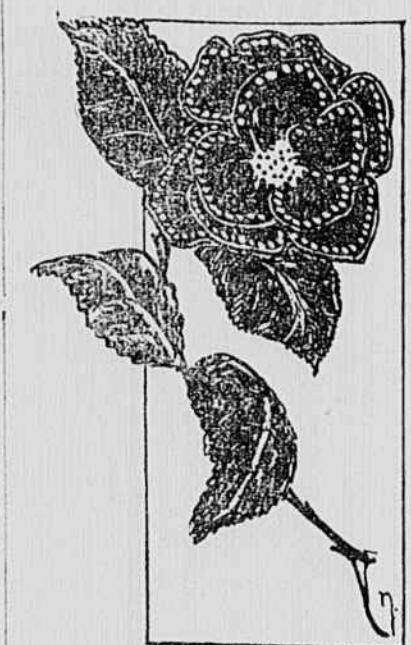
Often when a machine does not sew readily in the winter, when there seems to be some difficulty in making the needle and wheels work properly, it is because the machine is too cold. This sounds absurd, but any one who has used a typewriter will tell you the same thing.

There is such a thing as finding a typewriter or sewing machine somewhat numbed by the cold, so to speak. Presumably the cold makes the oil around the workings of the machine thicker than usual.

CORSAGE NOVELTIES

A Tip in Time if You Would Be Distinctly Smart.
Corsage flowers of fabrics show little evidence of declining popularity, for while fewer are seen worn on street costumes, they are seen on evening dresses of every description. Among the novelties are roses in all shades, studded with jewels that represent sparkling dewdrops, and some Japanese blossoms in chenille. These are a

FOR THE CORSAGE



A black velvet rose, hand-sewed with rhinestones.

Japanese lily and a wild honeysuckle blossom—the former in two tones of yellow, the latter in shades of pink. A very smart rose of foxglove-colored velvet, and some knobby little roses are likewise just out.

Small flowers are still popular for lingerie and dress trimming.

THE FURS THAT WEAR

A Useful Little Tabulation Covering Many Varieties.

The following statements by a writer in the London Times may be of interest and perhaps some value to those of us fortunate enough, in these days when even fresh eggs are a luxury, to have any spare cash for furs. The durability of furs varies enormously and has little relation to price. For example, ermine and chinchilla, both of which fall in the rare-fur class, stand respectively at 25 and 15 in a table, where skunk is 70 and beaver 20. This table sets out, with its water hairs, is taken at 100. Here is the list in full: Sea otter, 100; beaver, 20; seal, 75; mink, 70; skunk, 70; Persian lamb, 65; baum martens, 65; sable, 60; fox, black and silver, 40; stone marten, 40; opossum, 37; musquash, 33; gray lamb, 30; nutria, 27; ermine, 25; lynx, 25; squirrel, 25; chinchilla, 15; broadtail, 15; caracul kid, 10; moleskin, 7; rabbit, 5.

The durability of furs is reduced by artificial coloring. The baum marten, which in a natural state stands at 65, in the table is only 45 after tinting. The amount of fur needed for a half-length coat of average girth is sixteen square feet; for a full-length motor coat twenty-seven square feet is required.

Filling Lamps.

An oil lamp should be filled only within about an inch of the top, as the oil will expand slightly when the wick is lighted.

To Accompany a Muff.
A huge muff is carried with either a long, huge stole or a tiny necklet.

If aluminum cooking vessels get scorched, do not scrape them. Half fill with water, add a teaspoonful of soda and boil for ten minutes.

Many bits of mending are best done without stitches. Lay the garment on the ironing board, wrong side up; put edges together, lay over the rent a bit of muslin tissue, and over that a bit of the material, then a damp cloth over that and press with a hot iron till dry.

Women Who Win in Trade

HENRIETTA RODMAN, VOCATIONAL COUNSELOR.

By Isabel Stephen.

With facts and figures as their weapons, men and women in all the large cities are waging a war against the old-fashioned curriculum which has been driven for years into the helpless brains of young America. They are proving that the years spent in the schools are practically wasted, so far as the acquiring of a sound education which will help the children to fight life's battles is concerned. Corps of counselors are being organized to train the young idea to shoot straight, and not to stagnate in a slough of useless subjects.

In the van of this insurgent army is Miss Henrietta Rodman, of the New York Vadeleigh High School, who has been appointed vocational counselor of New York. Her own experience in struggling to grapple a practical education to fit her to earn a living has demonstrated to her personally the uselessness of the present curriculum. In spite of all the handicaps she encountered, however, she has made good, and is very well known in educational circles as a brilliant speaker, teacher and writer.

This is the story of success reached after persevering step by step to the top of the ladder:
"I was born in New York City, where my father was a clergyman," she told me. "His stipend was not large enough to give me the education I wanted. When I was a child I was educated at home, and when I was fifteen I went to work as a nursery governess at \$2.50 a week. With the money I saved from this I went to high school. When I graduated I secured the best position I could find—clerical work at \$6 a week. During the two years I worked as a clerk, I saved up enough money to give me the education I wanted. I realized that my training was absolutely inadequate to fit me for anything better, so I had been saving my money and entered a training school for teachers. From there I went to teach in elementary schools, and finally managed to attend Teachers' College, from which I graduated with my B. S."

"Do you find that teaching is drudgery?" I asked her, mindful of the criticism of many teachers.

"Indeed, I do not. It is glorious. If a teacher considers her work drudgery, she should get out quickly, for she has not found her true vocation. Of course, if a teacher considers herself a mere slave through which the knowledge prescribed by those in authority is poured out upon unappreciative ground, then it is terribly hard work. But the teacher who understands looks upon it as a grand opportunity for self-expression. There is drudgery in all work. People doing dull tasks perfunctorily cannot succeed. They must do the thing which has the most stimulating effects upon their intellect and emotions.

There are three professions usually considered as excellent for the high school student. The parents want her to be a teacher; it is a genteel profession, with short hours and a fair remuneration. Her music teacher advises her to teach music. The mechanical pianos are swallowing up the mu-

sic teacher's field; therefore she persuades her pupil that this is what she is most suited for and induces her to take two or three lessons a week after leaving school. I know of many tragic cases of this, but of course the teacher must live. Daughter herself wants to be an actress. Every girl has stage aspirations some time or another.

"The result usually is that she becomes a stenographer. There is a great demand for stenographers, and after graduation from business school she is pretty sure of a position of a week, which will in time be raised to \$12, which is a living wage."

"But a stenographic position often leads to something much bigger, and is it not the girl's own fault if she does not take advantage of her opportunity?" I asked.

"Not at all," she replied decidedly. "The girl may not be fitted to take advantage of the opportunity which presents itself. There are, as Professor Thorndike says, three classes of thinkers: Thing thinkers, who would be successful in dealing with colors, lines and fabrics; idea thinkers, who think in words, figures and ideas; and adaptive thinkers, who would be successful in commerce. The girl has gone through school and entered business, going exactly what has been set before her; she has been doing monotonous work fairly well, but all initiative has been crushed out. She lacks the power to make new combinations.

"The work we are doing now is to find out the physical and mental equipment of our students. We encourage and direct them to find out everything they can about every trade and profession, and to analyze themselves carefully. If they find that they are creative thinkers, they discover for what profession their quality of ideas is best suited; if they are adaptive thinkers, what business offers them the greatest scope for their cultivation. We inquire into and explain to them exactly the conditions they will have to meet, and impress on them the two things which they must know—things as they are and things as they ought to be. Then we show them how they must work to bring about the change from the former to the latter.

"We also remind them that life is not made for work alone, there must also be a portion for play, art, literature, citizenship, friendship and love, and each of these is a vital part of life if one is to realize the full beauty of success.

"We want to organize committees of men and women of the community as well as men of the educational world, so that the individual wants will be thoroughly understood. At present the curriculum embraces subjects treated by the monks of hundreds of years ago, and every little attention is paid to the technical knowledge and the business men and women would advise regarding the requirements most essential for present-day conditions.

"It will not be long before each child will be trained in the way which best suits its individual self, and then it will be more satisfactory.



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New Indian Animal Stories

The Coyote Visits the Water Snake.

By John M. Oaklson.

Long time ago the little Indian boys and girls believed that the coyote was one of the smartest of all the animals. He wasn't brave a bit, so he had to be smart in order to live in a world where all the animals and all the birds and all the people spent most of their time studying out how they could get ahead of each other—just about as they do to this day.

There was a story about how the coyote went to visit the watersnake and how the snake came to visit the coyote and the little boys and girls always liked to hear that story.

One day when the coyote went to the spring to fill his jar with fresh water, he found the watersnake there drinking. So the coyote sat down politely to wait for his turn. And as he waited, he talked to the watersnake.

"You are growing longer and fatter and more beautiful every day! Your wife must give you a great deal to eat—and it must be very fine food!" And the watersnake said that he did have pretty good things to eat, though he had no wife to get them ready for him. The coyote smiled and looked so friendly that the watersnake said: "Tomorrow, you must come to my house for dinner. I am going to have a fine fat rabbit!" And the watersnake went away laughing to himself.

Of course, the coyote was on time

next day, and when he heard the watersnake say: "Come in," after he knocked on the door, the coyote stepped inside, wrinkling his nose at the smell of fresh rabbit meat.

But the house of the watersnake was small, and the watersnake had grown very long and fat; he was so big that he filled up all the space inside except just enough for the coyote to get his four feet within the door.

But the watersnake did not apologize for his small house. He just told the coyote to sit down and reach over to the fire for a piece of the fat rabbit which hung close beside the fireplace.

So the coyote sat down, but he could in no way manage to reach the rabbit without stepping on the watersnake, and of course he was too polite to do that. So he sat and waited until it was time to go home. Then he made the watersnake promise to visit his house next week; and he said that he would have a lot of nice fat quills to eat.

And on the day the coyote had named, the watersnake went over to the coyote's house. And when he knocked at the door the coyote said: "Come in!" But when the watersnake opened the door, he found that the coyote was lying beside the fire, and that his tail had grown so long and so big that it curled round and round and filled up all the space inside except just enough for the watersnake to rest his head.

And though the coyote asked him to help himself to the fat quills which hung beside the fire, the watersnake could not reach them without crawling across the coyote's tail. Of course he was too polite to do that.

And the old man said that this was the way the coyote got even with the watersnake. He spent the whole week after he had gone away from the watersnake's house hungry in waiting for himself a long and very fat tail out of the soft inner bark of the cedar tree; and just before the watersnake came to his house, the coyote tied this cedar-bark tail to his own tail and dragged it inside his house. He had exactly filled the house except for the little space inside the door.



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